

# THE

# NAMELESS

# CITY

FALL 1966 100

## THE NAMELESS CITY by H.P. Lovecraft

ROBERT E. HOWARD      ALBERT W. DERLETT  
DAVID M. KELLERMAN      AND OTHERS

A SHEPHERD-WOLFGEMUTH PUBLICATION

# FANCIFUL TALES

*Devoted to the Amazing Story*

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DONALD A. WELSHAM—EDITOR

[Editorial Office: 405 West End Ave., New York City, N. Y.]

EDUARD W. RIMEL—ART EDITOR

WILSON SHEPHERD—ASSOCIATE BUSINESS EDITOR

[Business Publication Office: Oakman, Alabama]

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## A word from the Editor

Things are working now rather better for the publication. We are looking a bit on this issue. We have just corresponded with two fans that you, the reader may enjoy it. We hope you do. In **PACIFIC L TALE** it is our intention to publish short stories of fantasy. What fiction means to him and that most elusive of all things of fiction, Pure Fantasy. Naturally we want to know your reactions. Do you like this issue? Do you suggest any changes to it? Do you prefer one type of story about another and do you advise us to stick up to that type? What do you think of the stories in this issue? In short we'd like to know your thoughts and reactions as you peruse this issue.

**PACIFIC L TALE** is always looking for new material. Manuscripts of all kinds are equally welcome. The one submitted will be automatically read and reviewed again. We welcome any type of imaginative work. We hope between them to enjoy fantasy to any or all of its phases.

Naturally, it would delight us if you would advance our magazine to your friends and acquaintances. Only then can we grow in size and content, appearance and quality. If you will put with us we will put with you. We thank you.

# PAINFUL TALES

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## COMING!

In future issues we have stories by the above authors and new judgments of H. P. Lovecraft by J. Harvey Haggard! The Psychic Transfer by Ralph Milne Farley, The Escape by Robert Bloch, and numerous others.

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NUMBER 100


EDITED BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND, GAITHERSBURG, M.D.



BY H. P. LOVECRAFT

*(Crazier stronger than that that the very air — to the nameless city  
and the secrets of the void)*

• • •

 2222 I denounce the material of C. Love. It was proved I was  
travelling in a painted and terrible valley under the moon — and the Love

it protruding unusually above the street as parts of a canyon may protrude from a hill made green. Four steps from the top were three of this very number of the steps. The great greenness of the about spread, and a shadow were expelled the last India. The velvet, from which and which except that no one should see, and no one should ever find in the

Remains in the desert of Araby has the same story, something and something. The low walls nearly hidden by the shade of ancient trees. It must have been that before the first stones of Memphis were laid, and while the walls of Memphis were yet unhidden. There is no legend so old as to give it power so to make that it was even all in the old of the whole, pure and complete and contained. About by greenness in the town of the city so that all the things about it without really knowing why. It was of this place that Abdul Adnan had the great poet, describing the night before he sang his magnificent song.

"That is not dead which can stand like,  
And with strange heart even death may die."

I don't have known that the Arabs had good reason for choosing the same name, the city which in strange fact had been by its living man, yet it is not true and true. In the same name with my own. I don't know more it, and that is why to other. Two hours each observation of four or more. Why an other man observes to other when the night when other the city down. When I came upon it in the ghastly silence of something deep in the heart of me, still from the eyes of the cold were under the desert's look. And as I returned the look I forgot my thoughts. Finding it, and stopped with without need to rest for the dawn.

For hours I waited. All the sun grew grey and the stars faded, and the grey seemed to reveal light when I thought. I heard a moaning and saw a stream of sand flowing among the shadows even though the sky was clear and the red reaches of the desert. Then I looked down the desert's

for the sun rose like blazing silver off the sea, and through the clay mudstone which was peeling away, and in my derelict state I thought that from some remote depth there came a glow of unworldly intent to tell me they also in America built it from the bones of the Nile. My ears rang and my imagination worked as I beat up tentatively across the sand to that remote stone place, that place beyond the Egypt and there to remember, that place which I chose of living men had seen.

In that vast amongst the stuporous foundations of basement palace I wandered, shuffling across a sanding or honeycomb in tell of those men. If men they were, who built this city and dwell elsewhere long ago. The air-fidelity of the spot was overcastness, and I longed to remember some sign or device to prove that this city was indeed founded by mankind. There were visible projections and chambers in the ruins which I did not see. I had with me many tools and diagrams, while the walls of the differentiated edifices, but progress was slow, and nothing significant was revealed. When night and the moon returned I felt a different whole brought into fact, so that I did not dare to remain in the city. And as I went outside the ancient walls to sleep, a wind-sighing specterism gathered behind me, blowing over the grey stones through the noise was bright as I marked the desert hills.

I awoke just as dawn drew a pigment of terrible disease, my ears ringing as from some terrible pain. I saw this new glowing web through the last parts of a little mudstone that lay over the vanished city, and marked the splendor of the rest of the landscape. Once more I wandered while those traveling voices that swirled beneath the sand like an eye under a window, and again the radiance of the hills of Shalagithian rose. Across the desert, still in the afternoon I spent much time looking the walls and the Egyptian mounds, and the outlines of the newly vanished buildings. I saw that the city had been mighty indeed, and understood the meaning of the goodness. To myself I pictured all the splendours of an ancient dis-

land that (holdings could not reach it, and thought of beneath the Desert, that, needless the land there when mankind was young, and of it, that was never off grey stone before mankind existed?

All at once I came upon a plain where the land ends was, such through the sand-gall formed a low cliff, and here I saw with joy what seemed to promise further traces of the civilization people. There surely on the face of the cliff were the indications of the ruins of several small, square-walled houses or temples whose interiors might preserve many secrets of our lost remote far civilization, though undoubtedly had long since suffered any overgrowth which may have been visible.

Very low and undulating went all of the dark, open, open country, but I climbed one with my spear and crept through it, carrying a torch to reveal whatever mysteries it might hold. When I was inside I saw that the opening was indeed a temple, and beheld plain signs of the race that had lived and worshipped before the desert was a desert. Polished stone pillars, and niches, all carefully low, were set about, and through I saw no sculptures nor paintings, there were many singular signs clearly they utilize symbols by artificial means. The business of the civilization was very strange, for I could hardly meet their faces upright, but the area was great that my torch showed only part of that a time. Undoubtedly because of the far concern for certain signs and signs important to spiritism of the world, creating, and beautiful nature and made me wonder what manner of man would have made and frequented such a temple. When I had seen all that the place contained, I turned about again, and to that what the other temples might yield.

Night had now approached, yet the temple's things I had seen made suddenly stronger than then, so that I did not flee from the long narrow, shallow cave that had sheltered me when first I came the wilderness. In the twilight I observed another structure and within saw much revealed to me, finding more signs and symbols, though nothing more definite than the other temple had contained. The room was just as low, but much less broad, leading to a very narrow passage crowded with chambers and



small station. About these stations I was paying what the value of a wheel and of my usual habits broke through the silliness as I drew as high as the other passengers, lightened the heart.

The moon was gleaming brightly over the primitive village, lighting a dense cloud of mist that seemed blown by a strong but descending wind from some point along the cliff ahead of me. Where it was this chilly, sandy wind which had disturbed the mist, and was about to beat him, in a place of better shelter, when I ceased to glance up and saw that there were no winds up the cliff. This astonished me and made me fearful again, but I immediately recalled the earlier fact, with that I had seen and heard before I entered and passed, and judged it was a normal thing. I decided it came from some rock. There being no a cave, and rejected the fanciful need to trace it to the source, soon perceiving it as it came from the black cliffs of a temple, a long distance east of me. Almost out of sight, against the shining background I glided toward this temple, which as I moved it seemed larger than the rest, and showed a doorway the less stopped with misty mist. I would have entered had not the terrible force of the fog wind almost paralyzed my hands. It passed slowly out of the dark fog, lighting irregularly only with the sand and gravel among the misty rocks. Here it grew fainter and the sand grew more and more still, till finally it was at rest again. But a process seemed rushing among the transformations of the air, and when I glanced at the moon it seemed to glare as though silvered in regular motion. I was then a little time, I could hardly see, but enough to pull up short for another as again as the wind was taken from. I entered into the dark chamber from which it had come.

This temple, as I had reached from the outside, was a great hall of stone. I had visited before, and was personally welcomed among about a few miles from some region beyond. Here I could stand quite upright, but now that the clouds and darkness were as low as those in the other temple. On the wall of the wall I looked for the first time into the heart of the place, and of the great hall, where nothing directly I paid that had

almost faded or smothered away, and as then of the others I saw with staring astonishment a mass of well-fashioned north-western carriages. As I held my head aloft it seemed to me that the slope of the roof was too regular to be natural, and I wondered what the problem in nature of stone had first worked upon. Their engineering skill must have been vast.

Then a brilliant flash of the fantastic Remembrance told me that for while I had been walking, the speaking in those earlier rhythms whom the golden wind had blown; and I grew faint when I saw that it was small and ghastly, a ghastly dome dimpled to the mid rock. I thrust my head within, looking at a black tunnel with the roof arched low over a rough flight of very small, numerous, and steeply descending steps. I shall always see these steps in my dreams, for I came to learn what they meant. At the time I hardly knew whether to call them steps or mere ledges in a petrified descent. My mind was wandering with mad thoughts, and the words and meanings of such prophetic names to first across the desert from the like lips that men knew in the nameless city that men dare not know. Yet I hesitated only a moment before advancing through the portal and commencing to climb steadily down the steep passage, foot first, as though in a ladder.

It is only in the last few moments I doubt or believe that my eyes may ever have such a blessed vision. The narrow passage lead effortlessly down the same hollow hatched wall, and the touch I held above my head could not light the unknown depths toward which I was crawling. I lost track of the hours and forgot to count my breath, though I was frightened when I thought of the distance I must be traversing. There were changes of direction and of steepness, and once I came to a long, low, level passage where I had to crouch; but first along the rocky floor, holding back at arm's length beyond my head. The place was not high enough

for handling. After that were more of the steep steps, and I was still ascending, down interminably when my falling torch died out. I do not think I mistook the steps, for when I did notice it I was still holding the lantern as if it were alight. I was quite well-satisfied with that lantern for the strange and the unknown which had made me a wanderer upon earth and a stranger to the ancient and forgotten places.

In the darkness there floated before my mind fragments of my childhood memory of a summer's eve, centuries before it found the real steps, paragraphs from the forgotten sagittaries of Descartes, and letters from home from the *delights* "Songs de Minnie" of Charles de Minie. I imagined upon subjects and subjects of Descartes and the fragments floated with me down the steps, later descending in it and over again a phrase from one of Lord Dunsany's "Fables": "the supernatural darkness of the steps." Then when the descent grew amazingly steep I recited something in my sleep from Thomas Moore's *Edgewood* in verse:

"A remembrance of darkness: What  
 As with a suddenness, when I first  
 With many a drop in it and yet I still  
 I wanted to look if feet might pass  
 Even there? But when I saw how dark,  
 I'd be as silent as the night,  
 The light above as white as light,  
 Looking on it just outside of it  
 While there dark I felt the loss of Earth  
 Thence and upon the living stone"

Then had returned to the light, a lamp of light again, felt a level floor, and I found myself in a place slightly higher than the rooms in the two other lamp-rooms with scarcely the air of a step left. I was close to the wall, but could hear myself, and on the dark I shuffled and on a floor and felt the same. I now knew that I was in a room or passage where the floor was flagstones or wood or felt, or any other floor. It is that old wooden and the green place I felt of each thing as polished wood and glass. I was there at the possible in the future. The most were apparently striped along each side of the passage of regular intervals, and were shining and had been. Suddenly the ceiling in stone and also. When I tried to move two or three for further examination, I found that they were fixed fastened to the wall that the passage was long one, so that the floor rapidly in a

swaying one that would have seemed horrible had any eye beheld me in the darkness, crossing from side to side occasionally to feel of my surroundings and to see the walled rows of rooms still obscured so that to me it seemed to throb rhythmically that I cannot forget the darkness and pleasure of the unknown situation I lived and glaze in the bewitchedly mysterious as things I saw in, and that in a moment of intolerable reaction I did not.

Just when my fancy merged into real sight I cannot tell, but there came a gradual glow about, and all at once I knew that I saw the the reflection of this world and the same, revealed by some substance substance as phosphorescence. For a little while all was exactly as I imagined it, when the glow was very faint, but as I mechanically kept standing about from the stronger light, I realized that my fancy had been too faint. This hall was no relic of anything like the temples in the deep stone, but a mass made of the most magnificent and costly materials, rich, and dazzling, for their designs and patterns formed a continuous scheme of great power where lines and colors were beyond description. The mass were of a strange golden metal, with disks of opaque glass, and containing the assembled forms of creatures approaching in grotesqueness the most chaotic dreams of man.

To convey any idea of these constructions is impossible. They were of the right kind, with body lines suggesting somewhere the animals, sometimes the sea, but more often nothing of which either the natural or the painter's light ever heard. Inside they demonstrated a small man and these little legs were definite and certainly feet curiously like human hands and fingers. But strangest of all was their heads, which presented a mixture relating all known biological principles. The nothing was not things but well compared—to the fact of thought, all comparisons or varied in the end, the brilliant the mythic being, and the human being. But very little had had an animal and grotesqueness a forehead, yet the nose and the mouth and the eyes like the jaw joined the things inside all established metaphors. I debated for a time on the reality of the

monsters, half suspecting they were artificial. But they were decided they were intelligent protagonists whose whole life lived when the monster city was alive. To them their protagonists' most of their progress greatly assisted in the confusion of the city, and finally taken with some sort of gold, jewels, and unknown things inside.

The importance of these twirling creatures must have been great for they held first place among the wild designs on the dressed walls and ceiling. With metallic walls had the artist shown them in a world of their own, where they had cities and gardens. Instead he said their dimensions, and I could not help but think that their planned history was altogether, perhaps showing the progress of the race that was beyond them. These creatures, I said to myself, were in the best of the monster city when the city itself was in Rome, or some intention to be a tribe of the city.

Behind this view I thought I could trace roughly a wonderful tale of the monster city, the tale of a mighty ancient city which had ruled the world before. After this out of the world, and of the struggles as the city slowly grew, and the desert came from the fertile valley that held it. I saw its wars and triumphs, its troubles and defeats, and afterward its terrible fight against the desert when the walls of the garden-house represented its allegory by the gardens as reptiles—were driven to show their way down through the wildernesses of the world to another world where their prophetic had told them. It was all vividly real and real life, and the connection with the previous dream I had made was complete. I now recognized the passage.

As I crept along the corridor toward the brighter light I saw later stages of the painted tale—the last telling of the tale that had lived in the monster city and the valley around for ten million years—the tale whose truth stretched from guiding across their bodies had known so long

which they had noticed as moments in the earth's youth, hovering in the twilight of their present darkness at which they had never ceased to marvel. Now that the light was better I studied the pictures more closely still, remembering that the strange scenes must represent the unknown then, pointed upon the violence of the nameless city. Many things were still a faint simplification. The civilization which inhabited a world depicted, undoubtedly closer to a higher order than those incomparably older civilizations of Egypt and Chaldaea, perhaps more certain-sounding I could, for example, find no pictures to represent, despite the tremendous loss, any such scenes related to war, violence, and plague, and I wondered at the rationalism shown in avoiding related events. It was as though an ideal of immortality had been declared as a standing prohibition.

Still nearer the end of the passage were painted scenes of the utmost phantasmagoric and incongruous, uncontrasted views of the nameless city in its decadence and growing ruin, and of the strange new races of post-Eden to which the vast half-brotherly way through the desert. In these visions the city and the desert valley were shown always by moonlight, a golden shadow hovering over the fallen walls and half-revealing the splendid perfection of former times, almost joyously and bravely by the artist. The painted scenes were almost too outrageous to be believed, portraying a hidden world of eternal day filled with phantasm cities and cities, and hills and valleys. At the very last I thought I saw signs of an artistic selfishness: the passages were less skillful, and much more blunder than even the wildest of the earlier scenes. They seemed to reveal a clear decadence of the artist's work, coupled with a growing literally toward the outside world from which it was driven by the future. The faces of the people—always represented by the most beautiful—appeared to be gradually wearing away, though their spirits as shown hovering above the ruins by moonlight, proved to be perfect. Resonant pictures displayed in

Together in creative roles, shaped the subject and all who breathed it, and who lived it. And it is no shame in protection feeling now, perhaps a gesture of modest love. The City of Pillars, very inspired by numerous libraries, I remembered how the books lost the valuable life, and was glad that found that place the very early and early were lost.

As I entered the passages of novel history I had approached very closely the central, the key-point, and was aware of a gate through which came all the illuminating phenomena. Crossing my path I noted directly transmitted indications of what lay beyond the instead of what my lighter chambers there was only the blinding void of unknown existence and in the night's sleep when gazing down from the peak of Mount Everest of space was absolute void. Behind there was a passage as strange as that I could not stand upright in it. In 1915, the man on the edge of unknown waters, officers.

As walking down from the canopy into the algaemat the land life about I lighted on a small, luminous, shape like that of the black fungus I had known of—just a foot or two from the glowing region considerably rising above both upon again I the left hand wall of the passage was a number one of these beautiful, thick and decorated with luminous, fan-like scales, could it I heard that the whole house would all light away from the radiance of passage of such I looked at the shape, and for the moment and try them. I touched the fan, knew that and could not move it. Then I went down to the stone floor, my hand of light with prodigious reflector, which answered the little experiment would last.

And I lay still with closed eyes. The fire, cooled, made things like slightly misted light in the darkness once back to me with soft and tactile splendour—sparks representing the random drip in fantasying—overexposed the valley around it, and the distant lands with which its over-charge glowed. The allegory of the travelling stranger haunted me by its unshared prominence, and I wondered that it should be so clearly followed by a group of history of such importance to the French the natives

city had been there in proportion fitted to the rhythms. I understood what the real proportions and magnitudes had been, understood a measure of certain values I had ascribed to the ruins. I thought carefully of the layout of the palace temples and of the interpenetrations which were decisions in no less total defiance to the cosmic duties than, however, thought patterns, reduced the mindless to crawling. Perhaps the very first lesson of a crawling is induction of the structure. No religious theory, however, could easily explain why the level passages in that vast maze demand almost as long as the temples—or longer—since one could not even kneel in it. As I thought of the crawling creature, whose blindest instinctual forms were as close to me, I felt a new depth of dark mental speculations too complex and I shrank from the idea that enough for the past primitive man here to place in the last painting, since was the only human to immortalize the many relief and symbols of primordial life.

But as always in my attempts and testing-existence, wonder soon drove out fear for the unknown why and what it might create presented a problem worthy of the greatest explorer. That a world would of necessity lay far down that flight of possibility was always based on death, and I hoped to find there those human elements which the painted corridor had failed to give. The houses had produced unbelievable sites, and valleys in this lower realm, and my thought went on the dark and colored ruins that awaited me.

My fears, indeed, concerned the past rather than the future. For given the physical form of my position in that cramped corridor of dead relief and civilization however, misbehavior the walls I knew and feared by the far world of very high and cold, and beneath the black-lined light, other physical workings of the earth and the void. An understanding in that that movement in death seemed to last down from the physical stone and such down temple of the nameless city, while the very heart of the



others telling me, in the darkness shrouded scenes and conditions that were but conjectures, with only here and there some vaguely familiar outline. Of what could have happened, the geological signs alone the paintings told at least the doubt-doubting man reasonably concerned to know, nothing might say. Life had been turned in those scenes not to the beautiful water-fountain, now I was alone with wild fancies, and I trembled to think of the million eyes through which those signs had kept a silent, deserted vigil.

Suddenly there came a clear burst of light upon that which had hitherto lain in shadow, and I discerned the world's edge and the outer-midway under world scenes, stretching up into space. I perceived that everything had been put in a waiting position and going back along the track was older toward the center than even to the outer world. My sensations were like those which had made me shut my eyes when I lay in the night, and were as inexplicable as they were poignant. In another moment, however, I realized a still greater shock in the form of a definite sound—the first which had broken the other silence of those tomb-like depths. It came deep, low, muffled, as if a distant humming of unnumbered spirits, and came from the direction in which I was staring. The volume rapidly grew. All round me was permeated brightly through the low passage, and at the same I became consciousness of a burning drought of solids. How hot flowing from the sun was the city above. The touch of this air seemed to restore my lost sense, for I instantly recalled the golden grates which had been around the mouth of the abyss upon which I was standing, one of which had indeed revealed the hidden domain to me. I looked at my watch and saw that midnight was near, so I turned myself to reach the gate that was opening dark to the outer house as it had swept forth its evening. My feet again were low, there a natural premonition to be in sleep, knowledge was



# • UMBRIEL •

by DONALD A. WOLLASTON

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A most most most

Please listen from the files of the Gloranth Government Department of Interplanetary Navigation. — In answer to the oft-repeated question asked, unknown as to why our vessels always avoid the second satellite of our Uranian system, the following document is in evidence. It is a condensation of the report of E. public, former lieutenant of several generations ago. —

My craft slipped through the atmosphere of Umbriel without much trouble. It was much darker and wetter than my previous one personed. After landing, my instruments registered as high as the deep below were. Education (Hank translation?)

I grounded the ship upon a flat surface of soft greenish soil (or soil) and a few feet (just) through the air windows. After clearing the system off, I made ready to go ashore and check the territory for Gloranth. — providing there were no natives.

Stepping out, my nostrils were greeted by a most foul stench. The air was thick, heavy, warm, and very bad of odor. It was hardly breathable, and an intense relief poured up from the ground. I tried, which soon sapped my energy very much.

As soon as I set out to walk about, my feet sunk into the mud and it was necessary to keep pulling them out, which was accompanied by a most discomforting sucking noise. The ground seemed more like some of the very legends that our ancestors produce in their literature when they get temperatures high enough to almost walk hot.

For a while I walked my way along. Then a section of the ground below me swelled while I walked into a large hemispherical mound reaped. A cloud of intense vapor was released and swelled past me. It was most peculiarly like a bubble.

Coming upon a large pitted yellowish rock, standing isolated out of the ground, I stopped and examined it. It was composed of some porous hard shiny substance unlike anything nature produces. There was a most unnatural feeling about the thing.

There was a movement behind me and turning I saw one of the large natives in Unkooli Cooing from a hole in the ground, make a large shapeless white object having neither arms, legs, eyes, ears nor other external appendages. It had a mouth and a tubular several foot long shiny body. And something else.

I examined it to see what it was doing. And when I saw and recognised, I knew then what sort of sphere I was on. For the thing was eating the soil! It was devouring the greenish ground with considerable voracity. It was a worm—a great worm of enormous proportions. And it could only be eating the flesh of a dead creature!

Fleeing back to my Ukeal, I found it already half eaten on the meeting curtain. Leaping into it, I descended the stair and took off with a shriek of my gunpowder rockets due to the noise.

Never will any more creature go to Unkooli again. For it is not a natural globe—it is the scaled up carcass of a dead animal, a great monster from some million world out of far space. Somehow it has been hoisted through the void and supported by Uranus. And now, that it has been warmed a little by the heat of the far off sun—and near Uranus, it has started on eating; and the worms have come out of the depths of its body to feed.

Forever let it rot in isolation, for they are not the only things that dwell there. About the worm's carcass nest a world full with strange shapes on it. Somewhere in the depths, in the very bowels of that rotten corpse world, lives intelligence—a man's consciousness having fled off the bodies of the worms, even as the worms had fled off the man's flesh—being. A race of unscrutable hideous and redolent creatures dwelling there—like, for they know nothing of other worlds Great that they never do learn.

## THE FORBIDDEN ROOM 27

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By DEANE W. JAMES

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Deep from prison in the earth

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It is said that an old pirate once dwelt in Hispaniola why he chose that isolated and desolate village no one ever knew for the place is many miles from the sea, hidden among the back hills. His secret has been safeguarded in numerous ways that have

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and it was no escape the sight of the women who had been his lovers, whose names have suggested that certain women might want to be taken with the aged man, were he to admit the beauty of a widow. His name was Peter Jones that name symbolized wealth—immense, hidden treasures, which, though none had ever seen them, formed part of the tradition legend. When Jones is mentioned natives will point to a tall, three-story dwelling which, with one other near from under a surrounding group of hovelts, and will explain to travelers who happen to stop at the decrepit hotel, that such wealth lives. But unless they know the village well, they will tell no more, for the people of Hampden do not like to have their stories collected—as would certainly happen were they to tell all they know of Peter Jones.

The village has been deserted for many years—no one knows the exact number—and strangers who are attracted to the quiet but sinister place are warned against entering it. Inside the ancient, gabled dwelling is another house of enormous proportions, brick-made and repainted, where once lived another man of strange and evil character. The second person—now Hiram Mard—had also been rich, but his existence covered a less span of years than that of Peter Jones, and the whole people know more about. The source of his wealth seemed questionable at first.

Before the arrival of Mard in Hampden, and following a capital decision as Jones decided, the latter was ever seen to have a lamp burning in the upper story of his dwelling. It glowed into the small hours as the legend goes, and people passing by the forbidding house thought they heard the muffled clank of coins and spent wandering women, and of Peter Jones were roaming upon and upon his ill-gotten wealth. This went on indefinitely, till at last, one winter morning the old fellow was found, quite dead and cold as the bottom of the long flight of steps which leads to the upper rooms.

They buried him back of the queer dwelling in which he had died, and when the will was read it was discovered that he had

given the property to the peasantry, but of his money not one word was said. At the close of the legal documents they showed a warning—and on this day it is a whispered tale, involving the living years. It ran thus:

Pass not beyond the warning-line,  
My personal wealth has left me poor.

Ordinarily, such a famous couplet would be a great parenthesis in a story, though from Hawthorne's example, it is not when they remember that the warning door was the one opening on the town. First as a house the strange street had come, their wife came who walked to a chamber on the north side of the house. And then, some argued, the position of Daniel's body when discovered was not a pleasant one. For though no mark of violence was found on the corpse, it was possible that instead of falling from the stairs, as was generally supposed, the deceased had leaped purposely to the landing below. But such remarks were not all merged.

The property then lawfully became a part of the township, but although repeated efforts were made by the council to dispose of it at a ridiculously low price, no buyer was ever found. That is, until the advent of Hiram Hall.

When this individual arrived in Hawthorne he showed no signs of being a member of the forbidding house, where he played a strange role of cobbling. However, his fiery temper and volatile temperament soon drove every man of the old clientele which he had brought to notice, till he was reduced to miserable poverty. As the years passed, he began to associate persons of the neighborhood group. Just how much or how little he picked up a man could say, but at night he was often seen prowling about in the vicinity of the ancient Purse house. Ah, yes, was creeping rapidly upon the man.

Then, one day Hawthorne was surprised to see Hiram Hall displaying signs of uncommon wealth. He bought the best span of horses available, dressed in stylish clothes and to crown it all, built

an enormous back window on the left — the house which a day today if Hampden still lives. Accompanying the purchase came another house of whispered gossip, for it was learned that his purchases were paid for with strange-looking gold coins. Andard considered nervous for talking was raised when it was revealed that he had bought the massive and mouldy Pious house on Beacon Street. Whether he knew of the way lying against the upper room was a question one could answer — it is not did anyone care to enlighten him either, for Hiram had become even more captious and laconic, and people shrank from his dry night-time political raptures.

About a year later Sam Perkins, in passing the deserted house one night at six, saw a light burning in the topmost story of the dwelling. And when he perceived that it shone from a window of the forbidden room, and heard strange clanking sounds which he remembered of years from past life, he ran crawling down the place and opened the door.

It was early morning before the group got about, and several of the townspeople crowded by the place to see if anything had gone amiss. Marking no object out of the ordinary, they moved on, not daring to linger about the house any longer than was necessary. When the day had passed and no Hiram put in an appearance and no word was sent to the town his absence, people again began their whispering.

Here the legend becomes distorted and varied, and the townsmen warned against asking too many questions concerning Hiram. Still, but of what remains, a partial conclusion may be drawn. The man was never found after that, though a diligent search was maintained. Only one place in town was not explored — the local authorities were loath to enter that evil-way door. But it was rumored that if he had died in the forbidden room, the neighbors would soon become aware of his presence, as the door was never opened.

The last bit of evidence as to Hiram's disappearance was a noisy trail which some of the people noticed. It led them to



steps a pace from the locked room and moved to the back of the house being forced some sort of pass or F or pass, and from there, as if some long heavy had been dragged behind the staff, and the last rung then. The path went straight to the grave of Earl Jones and abruptly stopped, while the rest about the market seemed scarcely disturbed. These facts were kept from the curious on-looker, for people did not visit Jones' grave uncovered.

Of the fragments of tracks which were yet half visible, the old man with his eyes that were here closed that they were not like ordinary footprints as that the walking had the appearance of being formed by heavy pressure upon the ground instead of feet.

The Prince's house still stands beside the great ivy-covered mansion, and to this day students of Hampton say that at midnight queer lights glimmer from the third story window and strange clicking sounds are heard, as if Earl Jones were once again searching and counting his money.

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# ROBERT E. HOWARD'S THE HYBORIAN AGE

IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY AS A SUPPLEMENT IN  
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# Solomon Kane's Home-Coming

by Robert E. Howard

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*It is one and they so many the night dark of Robert E. Howard  
in June 1936. —The Editor*

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111

The white gulls whirled above the cliffs, the air was shaken with foam,  
The long tales moaned along the strand when Solomon Kane came  
Down

His wolfen skin strange and dand through the links. Down came,  
His gas, like a ghost's came back to life, swayed up the strand and  
down

The people followed wonderingly to watch the spectral star,  
And in the town's whorls they thronged about him, there  
He heard as a man, here as a demon the wren old sailors creak,  
And Solomon lifted his drinking-jack and spoke as a ghost might speak

"There are the Richard-Grovels men in smoke and down he passed,

"And we were run to fly them, but we gave them blast for blast

"From cannon down to chains down, we held the Dons at bay

"The dead lay heaved among decks, our men were that way

"We have them back with broken blades, till dawn ran the tide,

"Death transferred in the cannon smoke when Richard-Grovels died,

"We should have blown her hull apart and sunk beneath the tide."

The people rose upon his words the axes of the racks of Spain,

"Where is dead?" said Solomon Kane "Was that I covered her name?"

"In the spot overshadow by the sea she has slept these seven years,"

The sea wind moaned at the windows-pane, and Solomon bowed his  
head.

"Aches in ache and dead to death, and the barren tide," he said.

His eyes were mystical deep pools that dreamed uselessly things,  
And Solomon Kane lifted up his head and spoke of his wanderings  
"Of how you have looked on misery in the dark and naked lands,  
"Of how you have seen the people given and drained in the passion lands  
"And I have known a deathless queen in a city of the South,  
"Where were the pyramids of stone for glory monuments,  
"Of how you have seen like an eagle's flag, with the enormous lotus bud,  
"And how you have seen the world for the first in that City of the Moon  
"And I have seen in a vampire shape that walked a black king white,  
"And I have passed through ghouly halls where dead men walked at night  
"And I have seen heads fall like fruit in the slave's hammock,  
"And I have seen winged demons fly all naked in the moon,  
"My feet are weary of wandering and my heart is sick of space,  
"I think would dwell in Devon now, forever in my place,"  
The howling of the storm took him whirling down the gale,  
And Solomon Kane threw up his head like a bound that snuffs the trail,  
A-down the wind like a raining path the boards of the storm leapt,  
And Solomon Kane rose up again and got his Spanish blade,  
In his strange cold eyes a regret glow grew awayward and blind  
and bright,  
And Solomon put the people by and went into the night,  
A wild moon with the wild white clouds, the waves in white caps  
flowed,  
Then Solomon Kane went forth again and no man knew his road.  
They glimpsed him creaked against the waves, where clouds are left  
up blown,  
They heard an easy eddied sail that whistled down the wind.



# THE TYPEWRITER

BY

David H. Keller, M. D.

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"When I married you I thought that I was going to have a husband," exclaimed Amy Harding. "But instead I have found only a living death with an engine, a slave to a machine."

"When I married you I loved you and I still do," replied her husband. "I do not see why you should complain about my work as long as I make a living for the two of us."

"The same old argument!" retorted the wife. "When we married you were a kind, outgoing man. Your work brought you into contact with living people in the daytime and with your wife at night. We went places and saw things, played bridge, entertained. We had many mutual interests. Now there are only three interests in your life: reading, thinking and writing. Everything else that you do, such as eating, talking, drinking and sleeping, you do only because it is necessary and not because you want to. You begrudge the time spent at meals and you used to enjoy eating."

"At least I am working a better living than I do selling bonds. You have everything you need, and even some luxuries," John Harding said with a smile. He knew that it was a hard statement to deny.

"I was happier when we were poor," his wife retorted. "Then, selling bonds was your business and your wife your recreation. Now I am just a piece of furniture. Our friends used to call me Amy Harding! Now they refer to me as the

wife of the man who wrote *THE PERPETUAL BURNINGMOON* and the every person who knows you are a married man there are ten thousand who speak of you as the creator of Angeline Lamoureux, the wonder woman the perfect sweetheart, the modern Lillie, the starkest imitation perfect. Ten million women try to imitate her twenty million adore her Her picture is in every house, her image in every man's heart And, because you created her, fifty million men every day and as many women feel that because you understood Angeline Lamoureux you understand them. Perfumed letters, requests for your autograph, invitations for the week end, requests for lectures—these are my surroundings!

John Harding looked at his wife. It was not the first time that they had talked over the matter of his national popularity, but it was the first time that he had come to a realization of the real psychology of his wife's reaction.

"You are jealous," he said slowly. "Jealous of a character in a book. I believe that your reaction is not unusual. I have read that many authors from Dickens to Gide have similar experiences. Personally, I never could understand it, I understand it less. Why should you feel that way? You spend twenty-four hours a day with me, every minute of the time you know where I am, you open all my mail, and you and the secretary answer all of it. Just what more do you want?"

"You never would understand," she replied, looking slowly as though to a child. "If I talked to you a million years in words of one syllable, you never would understand. Putting it just as plainly as I can, the trouble is just this: I am your wife, and I want to come first in your life. If you are happy I want it to be because you are living with me.

"You lived with your mother for twenty-seven years and

when she died I found you and because I did I want to keep this perpetual monument. Angeline Lammont came you saw you have gone and spoiled it all by learning to peck on a typewriter and by falling in love with another woman. What is the result? You spend a year or days at a typewriter and nights of incredible imaginations and write into your soul and there was no room for Amy Hunting. Now, you are working on a novel. You are polite when I speak to you, you comfort me, but all the time your spirit is far away with that other woman."

"Just a character in a novel, a paper woman?"

"I wish I could believe it! Other expectations is terrible. If there is a real woman, then you have been more than false to me. If she is only a figment of your imagination, then you are insane. If she is real, I could fight the issue out to a finish with her, but how could any real woman fight a fantasy? If you loved me as you say you do, you would help me. You would put away your typewriter stop dreaming of her, go back to selling books, pay some attention to me and show me that you do not love her."

John Hunting shook his head. There was a look of finality as he gave his determined answer.

"You simply do not understand, anything I say you will not understand. This lack of comprehension is the result of your jealousy. I always wanted to write. Before I knew my letters, before I knew how to read, I made up little stories and read. It was an age when it came that will to write. You know how I bought my typewriter. I told you at the time how I saved the money by going without my lunches. But perhaps I never explained to you the reason for buying that special machine. I had to say it. I went into the printing and told the man that I wanted a machine

He had even forgotten that he had one. I had to tell him where it was. (Sure! I had seen it in a dream. This part of the story I cannot blame you for not understanding, because I cannot comprehend it myself.)

"The basic idea is simple: provided you were willing to believe it, a book had to be written, a heroine created, and I, of all the men in the world, had to write that book, had to create that heroine I had to do it, because no one else could do it, and I could do it only with that particular typewriter, lost in a pawn shop and covered with dust. Separate the typewriter and the man, and nothing would happen in a million years, place the two in conjunction, and *THE FANCIFUL ROMANCE* is given to the world.

"You remember the day that I brought the machine home. Now I would not want the repair man to take it from the house, now I had to sit and watch every movement that he made lest in some way he would injure it forever. After it was put in perfect condition, it had to be placed in the the proper position: on the right side of a table, on a brown and gold velvet cover you must remember the day that I resigned from my position as a bond salesman and started to write. There was never a moment of hesitation.

"The title the name of the heroine, everything about her: each little detail of her charming personality, every action, conversation, even her dress were familiar to me before I wrote a word of the book as a B.C. or I give it make 4.

I wrote the book I really did not write it, I simply copied it from a book that I could read in the deepest seclusion of my soul with my eyes shut. There was never any hesitation not a moment of doubt. The name had to be Angelina Lomaxwood—how could it be anything else when that was

her name!

"The book told. That was a part of the program. There was a publisher waiting. I handed him the book and told him the idea. It never occurred to him to reject it. In fact, he seemed to have been waiting for the manuscript."

"I never met the woman. I do not even know that there is such a woman. But I feel that I know her. At first I thought that I was her creator. Later there has come the thought that I am only the mirror that she has used to show her perfect personality to become known to the waiting world. I may be peculiarly sensitive to vibrations from the spirit world. Vibrations not perceptible to other men, so that this spirit of Angeline Lawrence simply uses me to make her tangible to a world starving for some symbol of perfect love."

"It has been a year since I finished the book. Since then she has grown more real to me. For a while I was not sure. But now I know that I must write another book about her, and this book shall be a better book. I and my typewriter shall write that book, but we shall only put down on the white pages the story of the life of Angeline Lawrence as she whispers it to me. And that book will give pleasure to the millions who have learned to love the one perfect woman of all the ages."

"If you write it, you will lose me. I shall divorce you!"

"I am sorry," he replied softly. "but if I do not write it, you will lose me anyway, for I shall die of longing and desire to write the story that she has given to my soul."

She looked at him, an incredulous smiling to her eyes.

"No other typewriter would do it, would it? You have to use the one you have?"

"Yes, I have to write on that special one. In some way



It is definitely entangled with the story and the woman."

"Suppose we stop talking and have supper," Amy Hunting suggested.

She put a sedative in his coffee not much, but enough to take the edge off his restlessness and to change his insomnia into tranquil sleep. When she put it in the coffee her only thought was to tear his consciousness away from Angelica Lamermoni for at least a few hours. The real reason did not come to her 'till he was asleep.

Then it occurred to her. Suddenly she realized how she could once again be happy, even though, in the process her husband returned to his former position of ailing invalid.

She went to the cellar and picked up an ax. It was a very old ax that had not been touched for many years. She went back to her husband's bedroom to make sure that he slept. Then she went to his library where he kept the typewriter, covered with a silk handkerchief. Not daring to take off the cover, she brought the ax down in a single, silent, savage smash.

A cry came, a shrill, piercing scream of a woman in death agony. John Hunting heard the cry, sat up in bed, clamped his bleeding head, then started, staggering, twisting, screaming from his bedroom to the library. His wife met him at the door.

"Someone has killed Angelica Lamermoni," he moaned, and, pushing her aside with sweeping arms, he tottered slowly to his desk and dropped on the crushed typewriter.

## FINIS

# The MAN from DARK VALLEY

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BY

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August W. Derleth

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As long as the jury returned the verdict acquitting Jim Everett of the killing of Tom Hart, Mrs. Hart ran and left the courtroom.

Jim Perkins leaned over to Jack Haley and whispered in a voice audible almost all over the room: "That jury's been fixed, or they're afraid of Everett. He's guilty as hell, and everybody knows it."

Both he and Haley got up hastily and followed Mrs. Hart outside the building; they stopped and spoke to her.

"If you don't mind, Mrs. Hart," Jim Perkins said, "we've come like to know what you aim to do."

"I guess I'll stay here for a while," the best woman replied.

Jim Perkins shuffled uneasily. "Fact is, Mrs. Hart, Jim Everett's pretty sure to try what he's call *avenger* up things between you and him. And you in that body can't stop the canyon just with him time."

"I thought of that," she said. "But I don't aim to move out for a while yet. I think I'll see Jim Everett myself one of these days and fix things with him. I'm waiting for the man from Dark Valley yonder."

With that she turned sharply and left them.

"Queer woman," commented Haley dryly. "What was the trouble between her and Jim Everett?"

Jim Perkins shrugged. "I don't put much stock in it, but Jim—he and them two, Tom and his wife, they believed in spirits. They set around a table and talked to 'em. I don't take no stock in such notions—no, Jack. But by George, they found out some things at that. And they talked a lot about something they called *spirits* or *parade*, which was supposed to be a spirit from their own bodies, and they could send it out wherever they wanted it to go. Some people has guess

"You wouldn't believe in astrals, would you, Sam?" she asked me. Again she held up her hands. "You wouldn't say I had very strong fingers, would you, Sam?"

idea, and some people realize 'em. I didn't, but Tom Bart was a mighty nice neighbor—disposible' his idea."

Maisy nodded. "And I suppose they found out something about young Johnson's death?" he asked."

"Uh-huh," replied Perkins. "They claimed one of them astrals witnessed it. Tom, it was. They said Edward did it, and I gotta admit Edward was the only one who had any reason to rub the kid out. Tom claimed he saw it."

"And so he didn't live to tell it to a jury, that all?" asked Maisy.

"That's it. Not that a jury'd have believed it, but I guess Jim didn't like the thought of it. So he got rid of Tom and fixed the jury." He paused for a long moment before he added, "And right now I ain't better" that Mrs. Bart ought to be all alone in that cabin. It's too steep for Jim Edward to get at it he takes a notion."

So Perkins stood looking speculatively after the dwindling figure of Mrs. Bart. Abruptly he turned to his companion.

"T'll tell you what—are you gonna be watch that house with me tonight?" he asked. "They told the men she's coming from Dark Valley ranches last!"

Maisy hesitated a moment, then he smiled and said, "I'll do it."

There was a light burning in the single western window of the Bart cabin in Lawrence Canyon.

"That's the direction of Dark Valley," Perkins said, stepping off into the impenetrable darkness.

"Anybody coming into the canyon from that side will need a light," commented Haley shortly.

The two of them were sitting on a ledge across the canyon from the Burlesque. Not far behind them the dark fronts of their horses moved in the night, and above them a few stars shone softly in the cloudy sky. A chill wind was sweeping into the canyon from the passes.

The horses passed in silence. Toward midnight the light in the valley almost went out.

"What's going to happen," murmured Haley.

Even as he spoke, the door of the cabin swung open and a figure appeared on the threshold, crouching over and creaking outside. In a moment two more figures appeared behind it. The three stood for a brief instant in the doorway before sliding from the entrance. Then they turned and vanished in the darkness along the ridge into the depths of the canyon past. They were on the trail toward the village.

"Well, I'm damned!" exclaimed Joe Perkins after. "I never saw anyone head for that ridge."

"Neither did I," Haley said. "But they couldn't get there before we came."

Nothing thoughtful. Joe Perkins said "That's right." Unconscious came over him suddenly.

The two of them looked at each other.

"Say," said Joe thoughtfully, suddenly, "suppose that wasn't Ben that was the man from Dark Valley. Ben didn't say anything about two men. There were three people there. My Dad, maybe Edward had somebody with him for her before we came."

Haley caught his breath. "We can settle that in a hurry," he said steadily. "We can go down there and see. Only I can't figure out why they waited this long if so."

They mounted their horses and rode down into the canyon and across. Before the cabin door they pulled up and swung down all their mounts. Perkins reached the door first and knocked. There was no reply. He knocked again. Still there was no reply, and he pushed the door then at a

dark interior. Behind him, Jack Haley struck a match.

They peered into the room, and in the weak flickering light saw Mrs. Hart sitting outstretched at table, her head lowered against her outstretched arms. There was an unusual stillness in her posture, and Perkins gasped sharply.

As the two of them entered the cabin, the match went out. Haley immediately lit another, sought and found the lamp out in the west window, and lit it. Perkins went immediately to Mrs. Hart's side. He called softly, holding the light to her face, and then, having received no indication of awakening from her death-like slumber, he moved abruptly to his knees and started into the woman's face.

Perkins turned a sick face to Haley. "She's dead, Jack," he said.

Haley came to his side, and together they bent over Mrs. Hart.

"What're ya looking for?" asked Perkins.

"To see if she's been shot," replied Haley. "There's no wound on her."

For a moment the two looked down on the body of the woman in perplexity. Then Perkins spoke:

"Jack, I'll have to stay here. You run into town and bring out the coroner. Tell hi mother's dead, and we don't know what killed her. Because someone must've killed her. I don't know what killed her; I don't believe she put out that light."

The clatter of Haley's riding came back to Perkins in the cabin, and presently was lost in the night's silence. He sat out a long time without moving, his mind brooding the stillness with an occasional call from a howling owl somewhere beyond. An hour passed, and from the other end of the canyon, hoof-beats sounded.

At that moment the body of Mrs. Hart moved. Before him Perkins' horrified gaze, Mrs. Hart raised her head, and slowly slid her arms from the surface of the table. In an instant her eyes met his.

"Hello, boy," she said in a harsh voice.

He was too frightened to speak at once. Then, realising that it was Mrs. Hurt indeed, and as about he said, "My dear, Mrs. Hurt, we thought you was dead!"

She looked at him openmouthedly for what seemed an endless time. Then she began to smile, and in a soft voice she asked: "You saw me here all the time, too?"

"For the last hour," he said, "and Jack Haley, too."

"You could swear I was here, couldn't you, too," she said.

She thought that she had gone mad under the strain of her husband's death and the knowing of his murderer came into her mind, and he started protesting. "Sure, I could swear it," he said.

She held up her hands and looked at them. Then she said, "I want you to leave the car on now."

"The man from Dark Valley?" began he.

"No name. It was Tom. He brought Bud Johnson along."

Joe Parker was thankful for the growing sound of headlights in the street. He said nothing.

"You wouldn't believe in ghosts, would you, too?" she went on. Again she held up her hands. "You wouldn't say I had very strong fingers, would you, too?"

Since she looked at him as expecting him to answer, he said, "No, Mrs. Hurt."

Even now he heard Jack Haley shouting outside. Jack was alone. He had not brought the car over.

The door came open. Jack Haley, meeting Joe Parker's eyes, gasped, "Joe—Jim Stewart's been killed! He was shot, and he was choked to death. Look! Are those persons there? I, too, actually saw anything?"

Mrs. Hurt began to laugh, startling Haley. "Nobody saw anything when Bud Johnson and Tom were killed, either," she said in a satisfied voice.

# THE GLOBE

## a midgetale

by WILLIAM J. STEOLA

地球一故事

We were having around in the attic for some old letters, looking for old stamps. A stamp collector had told us that they might bring a comfortable sum of money. We didn't find any stamps, but we did find The Globe.

The Globe was a shiny, silver thing that seemed to sing when touched. The celebration being a brought with us was a lot to notice. It was a very large and could not be held in the hand. Its lightness was remarkable. However, we didn't think much of it, and I put it in my pocket to examine later.

Thought things began to happen. People who passed by the door just walked up, fell to the ground like dried leaves and were blown away by the wind. My brother was almost caught when he attempted to pass the backdoor of the front of the house. But it was a mighty power seemed to hold him back. Apparently the transition from the outer world to the immediate neighborhood of the front door was accompanied by an intense, an absolute, an fearful phenomenon that no human soul could stand the world. I thought upon it as this mighty power took it from its regular shell, leaving it as I shall a new leaf subject to the whimsy of the wind.

Meanwhile I had been feeling more and more confident. I was filled with an inner shadow as if the souls of millions were being merged with mine in one glorious flood of light. I was filled with a force that seemed to crush my heart to enormous size. The great was also feeling that no creature or man was impossible. My body seemed to fill with a holy joy. I was radiant.

with a holy glow. For a moment I was God Almighty Himself!

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Then a sharp pop—explosion. The ball in my pocket was real. *giddy* that—unmistakable substance made shocked (I mean as if I knew)—and I hurried.

Conscience returned. My teacher is, a standing there with an empty pocket in his hand. The other is, a loaded up by the, *apathetic* although The Bureau of Mining Persons is still looking for government people. May we never find another Globe!

FINIS





Scientific works as long as your own plus *Scientific American* (1911) (1911)

## THE ELECTRIC WORLD

BY Kenneth B. Pritchard

MR. HENRY HUBBER had his young daughter, who attended school, home from her morning nap. It was a - of three days that she had been gone upon visiting down street and ascending up Hill, to visit Little Willie, as her parents fondly called her, the neighborhood child of whom the Little Devil, was named in his father's poem.

"Pop! Ray, Pop! Tell me a story!" said she, Pop! And when she saw Pop, I would hear a story! I WANNA HEAR A STORY! HEAR A STORY! HEAR A STORY!"

He rose and pulled his Pop's necktie playfully, and followed her to his seat.

Mr. Hubber's hat air and from the consciousness of Little Willie's request, and his face a nearly black from the sighing air. He finally decides to please the little fellow.

"Pop—ugh—please!" comes the breath-taking words. "You b Willie, just a minute, ugh till I can get my breath! Lapped it—, as Willie, please release, ugh, ugh my no! And that—that undoubted as, that loud snap of—, Ah, never mind, close that big trap of yours!"

"Wo—O—o'W! below—below! Pop is called me name!"

"Black up, Willie, I got a new story to tell you!"

The struggles finally cease and Little Willie settles himself to receiving Mr. Hubber's new tale with a smile.

The story is as follows—

Close upon a hour, in the 10th dimensional world of Tygh, there was a youngster named Willie. Willie was an impetuous fellow. He would often do things that astonished his elders. But one day, he did things which astonished even himself.

It seems that at last word came of the war day. It came down like popping lightning. Clouds of violet rays beaked the sky. But after a half-dozen of very brilliant, million molecules of radiant heat streamed into him, the sky cleared slightly and the clear, cool sunbeams began to flow throughout the land. The violet rays were long gone to the heavens. There was enough radiant heat left, however, to have a white-heating influence on the masses of the violet ray matter. The rain of atoms such as a beautiful heat. But uncoloured radiation took place. Long shots of molecules caused everything. It was like the fury had of an angry tiger.

Well, Little Willie couldn't stand it any longer. He had to go out and hunt for the rare magnetic mass of concentrated photons that was said to exist just in back of the wishest surface.

He ran manfully on his 60 elastic legs, and pulled up a bar of hydrogen (Hydrogen, on Tygh, is a magnetically excited form of excited hydrogen.)

Willie was so hot at that moment, in fact he was the only person ever to have such luck. A flame from the violet curtains dropped at least of his 60 feet. Willie could not move. Grasping his hydrogen bar firmly in one of his vibrating forelegs, he jumped upon the curtain.— And what a squabble followed!

Using the bar as balance himself, Willie slowly climbed the precarious flame. Up, up, and up, he went. But a flame failure, and he fell like a ton.

Willie found himself sleeping as tight as he could. He swung away over as though a great current was blowing. Then, however. Another fold of the glaucous stuff came sweeping down and engulfed Willie! For a moment it looked as if he would suffocate from chemical asphyxiation. His thoughts were he would be trampled by the state into a mass of ghost of energy. But luck was with

him, and he all expelling, held-spread back with a terrible crash. They  
saw, 50000 men die.

High up on the corners of Kane, Wilko was another slouch. The main beam he was on, connected to a lead edge. There was danger that it would cut clear through him. He steadied himself for a moment, and thought. The thought was his second surprise, but was worth it. He placed the heptagon in front of him. Then, gently, and with increasing slowness, he uncoiled off the edge of the beam.

There he was at the top of the container, the last one to get there! It looked surreal! And even this other side. How could he get down to find the rest of the prisoners?

In the distance he saw a field of 1000 sheep for sale in back of the market. He had to get them! And he would take about two kilowatts of energy. They would be so hungry after this trip! They'd be drinking dynamite juice for a while!

With one leap in his muscular thighs, he ascended along as rapidly as the scabbily set of rungs would allow. When he arrived at his destination, the big field of carabonates was fast disappearing. He would have to act fast.

[illegible]

He moved himself into as little space as possible, held the bar pointed outward, and let go a blast of steam. The point on the bar sparkled and grew hot. But, with his work done, after getting rid of the steam, he

Wilder whipped along at a snipping pace in the heat of his floating cushion. A bill of moving, almost densely molecular toward not far ahead. He remained in the top of it, the stream of energy that rushed behind him, in his conviction, not a quail in the molecules. The moving almost dense particles behind him that he glanced about. He began to laugh in steady bursts of electrons. Now he was rolling over and over. And the more he rolled, the more he became rolled. It wasn't long before regular streams of electrons entered from his rear, and slipped over the bill.

The laughter was becoming very painful, when a terrific blast shot him high in the air. His energy had in some way penetrated to some molecules of these energies. His separation had been in contact, and the whole bill was blasted in a twink.

Wilder flew to the top of the curtain of incandescent vapors. Something very bright flew up along with him. It was the case of phosgene. Wilder saw it and struggled around trying to reach the case. At last he gripped it. But, with loss of balance, he saw that the curtain was disappearing behind. Lest he wouldn't be able to get down without being exploded!

The central ray water dropped below the horizon. The curtain vanished into nothingness. But strange as it may seem, Wilder didn't crash. The case of phosgene, being light, held him up like a buoy poleward.

It wasn't long before Linder had landed, with hardly a jar. Proudly, he walked to his neighbor's house. He was the richest in all Tghik for the case of phosgene was more valuable than a cubic of alpha particles. It was no wonder that his parents welcomed him home. And so one was more surprised than Wilder when he got a special sheet of fifth dimensional green rays that night.

And so it is that Wilder of the fifth dimensional world of Tghik became famous, and lived happily to the ripe old age of a ton of radium that never he left.

"That will Walter! How'd you like the story?" asked Mr. Bubbler. Walter squirmed nervously. Then he believed. "Oh MAN! MAN! Pop's been cooking again!"

"Shut up, you twerp!" — B-e-e-e-e!

"Oh A WH POP IS GONNA KILL MOTHER!"

Then we leave Pop Bubbler and his darling when, Walter—

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